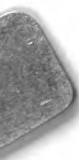

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<http://books.google.com>





11649

11649

c 48

SONNETS,

CHIEFLY ASTRONOMICAL;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY THE REV. JAMES A. STOTHERT.

EDINBURGH:

MARSH & BEATTIE, 13 SOUTH HANOVER STREET;

AND C. DOLMAN, LONDON.

1856.

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

SONNETS,

CHIEFLY ASTRONOMICAL;

AND

OTHER POEMS.



SONNETS,

CHIEFLY ASTRONOMICAL;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY THE REV. JAMES A. STOTHERT.

EDINBURGH :

MARSH & BEATTIE, 13 SOUTH HANOVER STREET ;
AND C. DOLMAN, LONDON.

1856.



TO
ROBERT J. I. MONTEITH, ESQUIRE,
CARSTAIRS HOUSE, LANARKSHIRE,
THESE
SONNETS,
COMPOSED IN THE CONGENIAL SECLUSION OF HIS
COUNTRY-SEAT,
ON THE BANKS OF THE CLYDE,
ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR.

May Day, 1856.

CONTENTS.

The Sun	Page 9
The Sun. II.	10
Government	11
Mutual Dependence	12
Gravitation	13
Gravitation. II.	14
Gravitation. III.	15
Gravitation. IV.	16
Newton	17
Newton. II.	18
The Astronomer	19
The Morning Star	20
The Evening Star	21
The Morning and Evening Star	22
The Earth	23
The Electric Telegraph	24
Memory	25
The River	26
The River. II.	27
The River. III.	28
Frost	29
Frost. II.	30
The First Day of Spring	31
Spring. II.	32
Peace of Heart	33

Intellectual Peace	Page 34
Evening	35
The Moon	36
The Moon. II.	37
The Tide	38
The Minor Planets	39
The Minor Planets. II.	40
Jupiter	41
Jupiter. II.	42
Jupiter. III.	43
Neptune	44
Neptune. II.	45
The Stars	46
The Stars. II.	47
The Stars. III.	48
The Stars. IV.	49
The Soul	50
Religion	51
Science	52
Butler	53
Clevedon	55
The Evening Gleam	59
A Portrait	62
To M. D. L.	64
A Sketch from Nature	66
Absence	68
To G. P.	74
An Anniversary	75
An Old Letter	79
An Incident of the War	82
A Dream	84

SONNETS.

THE SUN.

It is ascertained that the Sun is travelling through space, attended by his planetary system, with a velocity of nearly half a million of miles in each day. Hence, a foreign Astronomer has surmised that the centre of solar motion is in Alcyona, one of the Pleiades; a question which half a century more of minute observation will probably set at rest. (1)

Around an orb more glorious dost thou roll?
Alcyone it may be, or remoter star;
And he around his sun, more distant far,
Whose forces vast ten thousand suns control,
Sweeping towards their ever-moving goal.
Before the oldest human times, which are
Of yesterday, beyond the impervious bar
To human vision, fixed in empire sole,
Across those gulfs, does one Imperial Sun,
Lord of a million suns, their course constrain?
While flows his day, do thousand ages wane?
Center of force, the satellite of none;
In what abyss of glory does he reign,
Stayed only by the will of the Eternal One?

(1) Herschel's *Outlines of Astronomy*, § 861.

THE SUN.

II.

Solar radiations of Heat, Light, and Actinism, are the ultimate source of almost every motion which occurs on the surface of the Earth. Their influence embraces all organic life: aerial and oceanic currents: even the formation and aggregation of inorganic matter are closely dependent upon solar influence, probably through the intermediate agency of electricity. (2)

Lord of all Nature's impulses ! On land,
 In depths of ocean, in the ambient air,
 Author of Force ; his triple beam lays bare
 The secret springs of Life ; at his command
 Weak saplings, monarchs of the forest stand ;
 Fierce winds aloft are posting to repair
 The balance he disturbs 'twixt dense and rare.
 Broad currents hastening from a western strand,
 To warm our shores, a swiftly rushing tide,
 The solar force obey ; light vapours rise,
 In rains descending, under other skies,
 Where giant rivers plough their channels wide ;
 Electric force, creative, from him flies,
 Along metallic lodes, deep in the mountain side.

(2) Herschel's *Outlines*, § 399.

GOVERNMENT. (3)

Equality appears not, if we gaze
 On heaven; fair moons upon their planets wait;
 Despite new theories in Church and State,
 The lesser still the greater sphere obeys,
 Disdaining not to move in humbler ways.
 Each planet to its sun subordinate,
 Nor thinking scorn of its unequal mate,
 Is swayed in beauteous unity, and sways;
 A heavenly hierarchy of grades sublime.
 If otherwise, each flaming sun would fall,
 Through devious paths confused; each giant ball
 Precipitate the universal doom;
 Creation's throne blind Anarchy would climb,
 And Chaos old his reign in heaven resume.

(3) *Cosmos*, i. 80; Bohn's Ed. Whewell's *Bridgewater Treatise*, p. 175; Bohn's Ed.

MUTUAL DEPENDENCE.

The family relation which exists among the members of the solar system is remarkably illustrated by the invariable proportion established between their periodic times, and their distances from their centers of revolution ; the subject of Kepler's Third Law. (4)

Though far apart, in semblance all alone,
 Planet on distant planet close depends ;
 Each particle in the remotest tends
 To stimulate attraction, by its own,
 In all its force can reach ; its presence grown
 Into the Being of all else, which lends
 A force reciprocal, for mutual ends,
 Associated around the central throne.
 And none can say, Of me there is no need ;
 Towards the balance of the whole, its force
 Each orb contributes ; and its hourly speed
 Adjusted to the distance of its course,
 In nice proportion ; on their way they roll,
 Instinct with Order, as their living soul.

(4) *Herschel's Outlines*, § 488.

GRAVITATION.

To single Force of Gravitation, all
 The mightiest acts of Nature owe their birth;
 To it, the least; back to its parent Earth
 The stone descends; slow-winding rivers fall
 Gently through dales, where waking echoes call
 Around them, as they seek the distant firth;
 Blue smoke ascends from yonder cottage hearth;
 While floods of loud Niagara appal
 The traveller; around our parent sphere
 Revolves her vassal-moon; and both, as one,
 With vaster spheres attend the central sun,
 Marking the lapse of time by day and year.
 Yon circling double-stars together binds
 The same great Force, as wed two equal minds. ⁽⁵⁾

(5) Herschel's *Outlines*, § 643.

GRAVITATION.

II.

Nor less its influence in the Ocean found,
 The level road of Commerce round the world ;
 No vale is raised, no hill is downward hurled,
A road to smooth, as on the rugged ground ;
The mobile waters, Nature's pathway round.
 Her snowy canvass to the breeze unfurled,
 The tranquil sea by airs propitious curled,
On floats the freighted vessel, homeward bound ;
By winds and currents ever stirred in motion,
 Secure in hollows of the solid land,
For ages vainly chafes the heaving Ocean
 To pass the barrier of his shelving sand ;
Beside his strength the child is not afraid,
Tamed at its feet his murmuring waves are staid.

GRAVITATION.

III.

Philosophers are anticipating a time when even Gravitation may cease to be regarded as an ultimate principle, and may be resolved into a more general cause embracing every known material law. (6)

Mysterious Power! The wisest only guess
 Where lies the fountain of its subtle course ;
 And what the nature of its mighty source,
 Beyond their furthest knowledge they confess ;
 Or impulses which round the Sun may press ;
 Or newest phasis of magnetic Force,
 From pulse Electric need we long divorce,
 Its strong Attraction ? Problems these no less
 Remote from loftier than from simpler mind.
 Whate'er its source, all heaven its empire wide,
 Its grasp upholds gigantic worlds, which glide
 Beyond our sight, to its strong sway resigned ;
 Its pulses through the universe of space
 Our instantaneous thought surpassing in their race.

(6) Somerville's *Mechanism of the Heavens*, lxix. *Conjunction of Physical Sciences*, 116, 453. Herschel's *Outlines of Astronomy*, § 490.

GRAVITATION.

IV.

The force of Gravitation is exerted with such inconceivable velocity, that its action, at the distance of the Sun, may be regarded as instantaneous. (7)

Among those shining worlds, a subtle tie
 Of union in a common Cause ; a soul
 Of living force ; the fountain of control.
 What though in unseen distances they lie ?
 In intimate relations ever nigh,
 Feeling and felt, in harmony they roll ;
 Moved by one Force, around a common Pole,
 By pulses thrilled, which every instant fly.
 So wide the influence of Christian love
 Each soul disposing for each soul to feel,
 In gentle courtesy, in glowing zeal,
 Together bound to one great Soul above ;
 Created mind, in heaven, in lowest earth,
 Sway'd by the attraction of One kindred Birth.

(7) Somerville's *Connexion of Physical Sciences*, 453.

NEWTON.

Majestic Sage ! long crowned the king of mind,
With Nature's noblest faculties endowed
To climb the height, to pierce the barrier-cloud
Which human view for ages had confined ;
Interpreter of laws which systems bind.
Science your honoured name proclaims aloud
Her greatest son's ; a seer's among the crowd
Which gazed on Nature, to her secrets blind,
To your strong questioning at length revealed ;
Truths to your sense intuitive made known,
High quests your genius could pursue alone,
Mysterious forces to your eye unsealed
Entwine your brow with Fame's immortal prize ;
Till Nature's glory fade, great Newton never dies.

NEWTON.

II.

It is impossible even for an admirer of this great philosopher to read his Life, recently published by Sir D. Brewster, without being painfully affected by three circumstances: viz., by Newton's total want of the imaginative faculty: by the morbid acuteness of his resentments, under the provocation of petty rivalries and jealousies, and by his rejection of the Christian Revelation, on the subject of the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

High destiny, yet not unmixed with aught
 Of human weakness, yours the cruel stings
 Inflicted by ignoble rivalry; the springs
 Of heaven-born poesy lay all unsought,
 Close-sealed their depths to your severer thought;
 Fancy for you ne'er stretched her golden wings,
 Nor Faith to you unveiled diviner things,
 To lowlier Reason by the lowly taught.
 Nor could your lofty genius ever scan
 The heavenly law revealed at Bethlehem's shrine,
 Where lights more glorious still than Nature's shine
 Around the cradle of a God made man;
 Long by proud eyes of Science sought in vain,
 To hearts of Christian Infancy made plain.

THE ASTRONOMER.

Serene the night ; within his lonely tower
The wise Astronomer long vigil keeps ;
Beneath his feet the wearied city sleeps,
Its turrets faintly chime the passing hour.
High-priest of Science, on her wings of power,
Over the wide abyss his vision sweeps,
Their secret drawing from those shoreless deeps ;
Upon his wakeful sense their influence shower
Planet and moon he weighs and measures there ;
Their path, their change he tracks through future years,
And where through change their cycle reappears;
His toil not barren nor his patient care,
To future mariners its fruit will be
A guide, a saving light along the sea.

THE MORNING STAR.

The title of "The Morning Star" is sometimes given to the Holy Virgin, Mother of Jesus, in remembrance of her immediately preceding his rising upon the world in his incarnation.

Star of the morn ! O'er yonder purple hill
 Reigning alone, amidst a wintry sky ;
 See, one by one, the lamps of midnight die
 Before the rising dawn ; thou reignest still,
 Bright herald of diviner lights which fill
 The rosy East ; in heaven a lonely eye,
 Until his burning car approaches nigh,
 Who routs a million phantom-shapes of ill.
 Not even before his face thy radiance pales,
 Clear Star of Hope ; propitious eye of morn,
 Herald of sunshine to a world forlorn.
 Thy stainless rising all Creation hails ;
 Thy light is his ; his countenance like thine,
 Thy face the mirror of his rays divine.

THE EVENING STAR.

The same exalted person is sometimes called "The Evening Star," in remembrance of her stay on earth for some time after the Ascension of her Son. (8)

Mirror'd in oceans calm, thou lingerest,
 Bright Pilgrim, travelling the western heaven ;
 Our Sun is gone ; yet for a space 'tis given
 To watch with thee, our soon-departing guest.
 Through summer clouds he past into his rest ;
 Dark shadows o'er our widowed hearts were driven,
 Tracing his path through crimson glories riven.
 Thy lustrous orb still reigning in the West,
 Not wholly gone, he visits us in thee ;
 Beneath thy ray, we feel him not so far
 In depths of light where glowing seraphs burn,
 Through thy pure beam reflected o'er that sea.
 Tranquil thy setting, Memory's lingering star ;
 With thee departs our joy, till he return.

(8) Acts, i. 14.

THE MORNING AND EVENING STAR.

The rare transits of this planet across the face of the Sun enable Astronomers to measure the Sun's distance with great accuracy. The eyes of all places and all times are centered in admiration of this beautiful object in the heavens. Though seen at one time before the Sun, and at another after him, it is always the same. (9)

The king of day unveiled, when skies are clear,
 Thy path assigned may cross his noon-tide face,
 Our eyes awaiting thee, may gauge the space
 Which severs them from his remoter sphere,
 And ours from both; how far and yet how near!
 Thee millions hail, in every distant place
 The star of love to each admiring race,
 Throughout all times, in thee, united here.—
 The same, thou reignest in the flushing dawn,
 Or sinking in the West, at golden eve;
 The glad precursor of a day new-born;
 Or hovering o'er the shadowy curtains drawn
 Across the path where late he took his leave;
 Glory of age mature, or tender morn.

(9) See *In Memoriam*, cxix.

THE EARTH.

And is our Earth the only orb of gloom,
Whose sullen seas roll dark beneath their spray ;
Mountain and moor reflect no living ray ?
Amidst those worlds which wintry skies illume,
Moves she alone in livery of the tomb ?
Ah, could we view her rolling far away,
Beyond vicissitude of night and day,
Bathed in the ruddy glow she would assume,
Our ancient mother, in her robe of light,
By distance glorified, we scarce should know.
So dark the day of toil, the hour of woe,
Viewed as it lies this moment in our sight ;
So changed, the present even now appears
Far in the light of the eternal years.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

Around the globe, behold each wondrous string,
By science stretched across her giant lyre,
Swept by no human hand ; each trembling wire
Thrilled by Electric Force, on magic wing,
Whose impulses the poles together bring.

With lightning swiftness speeds the subtle fire
Brief messages of joy, or fond desire ;
With deeds scarce finished distant cities ring.

Beneath the broad Atlantic, on it sweeps,
High o'er the burning plains of India rolled,
From crag to crag 'mid Alpine snows it leaps ;
Image to me, in ways to sense untold,
How, reaching far across those heavenly deeps,
Soul may with soul, unseen, communion hold.

MEMORY.

O'er sounding chords the minstrel fingers sweep,
Anon the closing strain in silence dies ;
When, lo ! faint echoes from the silence rise ;
Among the chords reviving pulses creep,
Stirring the depth of harmonies which sleep
Within, awaking now in plaintive cries ;
A whispering wing across the memory flies,
As o'er Æolian strings at eve ; I weep
To hear returning from the depth of years,
Faint echoes of an old and pleasant song ;
From dim recesses, hark ! they steal along,
Their pulses vibrate o'er the fount of tears,
In Memory's ear forgotten tones revive ;
A voice long hushed beside me seems once more alive.

THE RIVER.

Child of the springs, yon stream meanders slow,
 'Neath drooping foliage, past the waving reeds,
 All spring and summer long, in those green meads
Where willows whisper, and sweet wild-flowers blow,
Each spray reflected in its face below ;
 O'er silent depths, through brawling shoals it speeds,
 Bearing to far-off vales the fertile seeds,
Which, autumns hence, to golden ripeness grow.
Manhood imagines it the same fair scene
 Which charmed his youth ; but 'tis no more the same ;
 Yea, changed in all but its familiar name ;
Its banks are clothed in a later green,
Of summers old the beauty lives no more,
Their rippling waters vanished to another shore.

THE RIVER.

II.

Changed, save the name ; within a city old
Fast flows the tide of life through lane and street,
Dense, eager masses hourly pass and meet ;
Not these the masses which for ages rolled,
Their pageant vanished, and their beauty cold.
Crowds pressing on, to-day, with hurrying feet,
Scarce pausing, as they go, a friend to greet,
Death's silent Ocean will ere long enfold.
Where streams the crowd, with Fashion's forms and dyes,
The wealthy mart is stored ; on either side,
In long array her fragile treasures rise ;
By turns they sparkle for their fleeting hour,
Blow in a night, and fade before the flower ;
Through change on change descends Life's seaward tide.

THE RIVER.

III.

By tranquil homes, the tide of gladness falls ;
Round Christmas hearths, bright infants with their toy
Mingle their laugh with shout of merry boy.
We come again ; unchanged the friendly halls,
Where faces loved look on us from the walls,
Their living voice no more the soul of joy ;
The child is now a man ; a grave alloy
Is in his mirth ; another household calls
To him for rule ; hearts of the young and fair,
United once, meet only in their dreams.
Dear Nature's self is changed ; and yet it seems
As if Identity still lingered there.
The countenance whose light our youth could bless
Is not the same ; but do we love it less ?

FROST.

On lake and river, iron Winter lays
His hand, congealing all their solid floor,
The breezy ripple twinkles here no more,
The stately reach, the willow-skirted bays
Reflect no smile beneath the wintry haze ;
The light and shade of summer suns are o'er,
The rainbow tints calm autumn has in store
At eve and morn, as fade her parting days ;
Nor sun nor breeze can stir each frozen vein,
To every sense their idle surface sleeps ;
And yet Life's silver tide in silence creeps
Beyond the limit of stern Winter's reign ;
Ere long into the sunshine forth it leaps,
'Neath warmer skies, and all is joy again.

FROST.

11.

Low in his last repose my friend is laid,
His face all-tranquil as the frozen lake
When suns are veiled, nor faintest motions break
Its stony calm ; dear lines of meaning fade
Where sweetest thought would cast a fleeting shade,
The ingenuous crimson kindle as he spake,
And round his eye, the dawning smile awake,
Where, late, Expression's signs the soul obeyed.
Beauty is here, but under strange eclipse,
Blank as the icy river in its bed,
The bloodless cheek, veiled eye, and sealed lips,
Proclaim dark Winter's empire o'er the dead.
Of brighter life to come, immortal seeds
Await their Spring, beneath these funeral weeds.

FIRST DAY OF SPRING.

FEBRUARY 10, 1856.

'Tis Spring once more. The sun is shining fair,
In starlight showers upon the dimpled flood,
Stirring in leafless woods the early bud ;
From western shores of balm a blander air
Thaws in the wintry heart its frost of care,
To healthier pulses calms the fevered blood,
In languid Sorrow wakes new hope of good
For coming hours ; and bids her wait and dare.
From each bright bay of blue, where cloudlets float
High up in heaven, a friendly whisper steals,
A smile from home the exiled spirit feels,
Beckoning her way to shores not far remote,
Where the long winter of the heart is past,
Its icy chains dissolved in vernal wreaths at last.

SPRING.

II.

'Tis not the gloom of Winter's clouded days,
The silence of the woods, the barren plain,
That soonest from the eye in genial rain,
The spirit's love distils. The light which plays
A moment on yon cloudy peak, nor stays
Till all its joy is lavished, ere it wane ;
The note of thrush and cuckoo once again ;
Among dark holly and perennial bays,
A tenderer green, born of the Winter's death ;
Sunshine and stillness on the laughing flowers ;
These soonest wake the spirit's secret springs ;
In Easter skies are treasured readier showers
Than float in gloom upon Good Friday's breath ;
Joy to diviner joy her tears in worship brings.

PEACE OF HEART.

It is calculated that the actual effect of the wind in exciting the waves of the ocean extends only a short way below the surface. Even in the most violent storms, the water is probably calm at a depth of fifty fathom, perhaps short of that. (1)

Loud o'er the Atlantic plains the tempest sweeps
 Its angry waters towering wave on wave,
 Their hissing gulfs the gallant seaman's grave ;
 Around proud navies merged, the cyclone leaps.—
 Few fathoms down, beneath those roaring deeps,
 Calm, whispering seas the lonely coral lave,
 Or, deeper still, within her emerald cave,
 Her watch profound primeval Silence keeps.
 Thus in the soul by lowly thoughts possest,
 Unruly wish, and passion's tempest o'er,
 In God's eternal calm her frequent rest,
 There lies a depth where storms for ever cease ;
 Life's tumult sounding, through its closed door,
 A distant murmur, in that depth of peace.

(1) Somerville's *Connexion of Physical Sciences*, 109. *Physical Geography*, i. 331.

INTELLECTUAL PEACE.

Hurricanes range in height from one to five miles; so that a spectator might witness the tumult of nature from the summit of a lofty mountain, like Teneriffe or Mowna Roa, in perfect calm. (2.)

Around yon mountain-monarch's airy height,
 Whose summit half a continent surveys,
 Loud thunders roll, keen forked lightning plays;
 O'er stormy clouds fierce winds exert their might,
 And drive them roaring through the Alpine night.
 Beyond the flying vapour's troubled maze,
 Illumined by the moon's unclouded rays,
 The throne sublime of Peace and endless Light
 Rests on its snowy head, where sound of war
 Approaches not through ages of repose;
 By day the sun, by night the polar star
 Reflected ever from its polished snows;
 To noble souls alone such calm is given,
 Whose Faith, 'mid storms of doubt, is centered high in
 heaven.

(2) Somerville's *Physical Geography*, ii. 43.

EVENING.

The sun declines, amidst a golden calm,
No speck on yonder deep and tender blue ;
Within those depths, profounder, lost to view,
From earth and sea comes Nature's festal psalm ;
The stillness falls upon my heart like balm.
The scene is old, its beauty ever new,
Bathing the classic ruin of a few
Lone columns shadowed by the waving palm.
'Neath such a heaven, 'twere shame to hear the din
Of strife, the beating of man's anxious heart
For peace, the far-resounding cry of sin,
The wound, the pain, which knows no healing art
To still the weary spirit's thirst for rest,
Unlike the calm which sleeps to-day on Nature's breast.

THE MOON.

Throned as a goddess, o'er the Asian plains,
Beneath a canopy of star-lit skies,
Worshipped on bended knee, with suppliant eyes,
The burning moon⁽³⁾ for ages grows and wanes.
Her beauty honoured not in arched fanes,
To heaven's high vault her minions' prayers arise.
Worship unhallowed ; see, it slowly dies
Before the light ; yet, in its fruitless pains,
Profound the homage of the untutored mind
To all that shines in Nature's perfect frame,
Beauty with order, force with law combined,
In endless change unfailing cycle seen ;
Through phases old the Moon still floats serene,
Our monthly note of time still owns her beauteous name.

(3, " The broad and burning moon lingeringly rose."—Shelley. *The Sunset*.

THE MOON.

II.

The progress of knowledge is gradually dissipating much ignorance on the subject of the moon's influence on animal and vegetable physiology; while the lunar tables annually ensure the safety of the navigator and the property of the merchant, to an extent little appreciated beyond the circle of those personally interested. (4)

Fair, argent mirror of the vanished Sun,
 Long-deemed the source of influence malign,
 But now an evidence of wise design
 On man bestowed by the Eternal One.
 The seaman, while the night's long watches run,
 Her journey tracing through each heavenly sign,
 His place in shoreless oceans may divine,
 Till safe, past rock and shoal, his port is won.
 Bright Easter days upon her cycle wait;
 Our wiser peoples, scorning to believe
 Her grey eclipse a sign of coming fate,
 At sun-set watch her burnished orb arise,
 Sphered in the splendours of an autumn eve,
 And bless the harvest-moon, endeared to peasant eyes.

(4) See Lardner's *Museum of Science and Art*, i. 113.

THE TIDE.

Slow rolls the wave across the Ocean wide,
Past seas of calm, through elemental roar,
Kissing the sands of many a tropic shore,
By ice-bound coasts where living glaciers slide
Down to the deep ; slow rolls the restless tide,
Heaving beneath the Ocean's level floor,
Twice in each day returning evermore,
At intervals which dark and light divide ;
Stirred by the queenly Moon's attracting power,
Each drop throughout the vast abysses thrills
And trembles as it owns her mighty dower ;
Even so the ruling motive, as it wills,
Attracts the heart by impulses of love,
Would it were always true to One above !

THE MINOR PLANETS.

Since 1801, nearly forty minute planetary bodies have been observed, circulating round the sun, between the orbit of Mars and Jupiter. Before one of them had been discovered, a foreign Astronomer (Bode, or perhaps Titius of Wittenberg) had predicted the probable existence of a planet in that vacant space. His reason was a certain numerical progression observed in the distances of the planets, already known, from the sun; a relation of number wholly empirical; and which fails in regard to the planet Neptune.

Surmised beforehand, in the circle vast
 Of space which vacant seemed to ancient eyes,
 Unused to our far-seeing glass, the wise
 Your future orbit could with truth forecast.
 And yet the keenest saw you not; at last
 Piazzi's eye beneath Sicilian skies
 Beheld your light upon his vision rise;
 The shining fragments of a sphere long past
 Into destruction, men your orbs have called,
 In numbers found, and multiplying still.
 The thought of even the boldest stands appalled
 At revelation of the mighty Will
 That made, and then unmade your parent sphere,
 And bade you shine a monument of fear.

THE MINOR PLANETS.

II.

What was your parent orb? Was it the stage
Of some gigantic crime? Did spirits fair
Fall from their duty, and declining there
To hot rebellion and Titanic rage,
Leave on the first of many a woeful page
Dark record of what spirits fallen can dare?
Was theirs a wreck like yours beyond repair?
Revolving now in calm from age to age
Your tiny worlds more true to laws which bind
Dead matter, than proud spirits to the rule
Of moral force in government of mind;
We track your course with self-reproachful awe,
Deep wisdom drinking in your shining school,
And worship in your spheres the Nemesis of Law.

JUPITER.

Every planet in the solar system affects and is affected by every other member of the system. The mass of Jupiter, being much greater than that of any other except the sun himself, exercises a proportionally greater influence, due to the attraction of gravitation. (5)

King of the planets ! On thy royal eye
 We gaze unwearied ; through night's lucid noon
 Sharing the homage of each circling moon
 Around thy sphere serene. Could nearer tie
 Draw thee towards her from thy throne on high,
 Dear to our parent earth were such a boon,
 Could subtler influences travel soon
 To her from thee ; and make her feel thee nigh.
 Lo ! her desire fulfilled ; thy pulses creep
 Through all her being ; distance cannot sever,
 When heavenly forces weave their golden line,
 All space to sound ; within her center deep
 Earth owns thy presence, where her heart for ever
 Vibrates responsive to each pulse of thine.

(5) *Airy's Lectures on Astronomy* ; 206-12.

JUPITER.

II.

The splendours of the lofty firmament
 Of Time, () the dead from whose perennial name
 Radiate the glories of historic Fame,
 Shine clear on high ; their looks on earth are bent ;
 Nor is their light the only influence sent
 To cheer our darkness ; with their genial flame
 Comes Beauty to allure, a force to blame,
 Revives the Wisdom for a season lent
 To bind the world to Duty and to Right.
 Far off we cannot deem them, when we feel
 A gentle presence with their memory steal
 Into our spirits ; in their deathless might
 Gauge not their distance by Time's creeping hours ;
 Their light our joy ; our strength their living powers.

(d) "The splendours of the firmament of Time,"—Shelley. *Adonais*.

JUPITER.

III.

The calculation of Romer on the velocity of light, deduced from observations of Jupiter's satellites, mark an era in Physical Astronomy. The efforts of Galileo, at an earlier period, to establish the Copernican theory of planetary motion, were much encouraged by his discovery of satellites revolving around the planet Jupiter. (7)

Nor thus exhausted all our debt to thee,
 Nor thus, to each attendant satellite ;
 Through these, the laws which rule the pulse of Light
 In heavenly space, its speed, its subtlety,
 To Science yielded first their secret key.
 Great Galileo, on Arcetri's height,
 Thy moons first dawning on his eager sight
 Too proudly stirred with sense of victory.—
 Thus with thee communing on what is past,
 Before thy glories with the morning fade,
 On what is yet to come, my glance I cast ;
 What limits our communion yet must bound ?
 Vast Nature questioning, will further aid
 From thee to us be sent, with knowledge more profound ?

(7) *Airy's Lectures on Astronomy*, 183. *Brewster's Martyrs of Science*, chap. ii.

NEPTUNE.

An increasing discrepancy between the place of the planet Uranus, as determined by successive observation, and as calculated by theory, had for some time induced astronomers to suspect the existence of a more distant planet, whose mass was the cause of this apparent derangement in the motion of Uranus. About the same time, (1845) and without any knowledge of what the other was attempting, an English and a French Geometrician, Adams and Leverrier, computed the elements of the suspected planet.

Through twilight depths, upon the furthest bound
 Of planetary space, the sun of June
 Diminished to a point, our midnight moon
 His light scarce equals ; Science yet can sound
 Unerringly, and say, In yonder depths profound,
 Where eye unaided never pierced, will soon
 Another planet rise, its dusky noon
 Discovered, as it wanders, far, around
 Our common Sun ; last of his vassal-train.
 No random guess. Her eye, in what had seemed
 The lawless path of Uranus, foresaw
 A cause, to vindicate the reign of Law.
 The western world, even so from shores of Spain,
 Columbus saw ; even so his pledge redeemed.⁽⁸⁾

(8) Sir John Herschel, quoted by Breen. *Planetary Worlds*, 244.

NEPTUNE.

II.

Theory was confirmed by observation. In September 1846, the new body was first recognised as a planet; since then, the existence of a ring and a satellite has been detected. (9)

In fields remote, by Science long divined,
 Far NEPTUNE late unveiled his feeble light;
 His secret place in heaven foretold aright,
 His circuit measured, and his path defined;
 Surrounded by his silver zone, designed
 To chase the shadows of his polar night;
 Around him speeds his minion satellite,
 His lamp, the measure of his weight, assigned;
 The spring of seeming lawlessness revealed,
 Strong proof confessed of Law's imperial reign.
 Beyond all causes known, there yet remain
 Effects we cannot sound, their springs concealed;
 One day, in all, their law we shall behold,
 Where perfect vision shall each depth unfold.

(9) See Grant's *History of Physical Astronomy*, chap. xii. Breen's *Planetary Worlds*, 250.

THE STARS.

Unfading Stars! Since first your reign began,
How many changes have your bright eyes seen,
In calm bent downwards on this earthly scene,
Long time the sorrowful abode of man?—
Your life of light beyond his little span
Of ages is prolonged; all he has been,
Reflected backward to your glances keen.
Your joyous course in harmony you ran,
While Chaos brooded o'er this desert ball;
Imperial Rome outwatched, and polished Greece,
You shine the same, while thrones and kingdoms fall;
Undimmed your beauty, undisturbed your peace;
You read each wrinkle on our Mother's face,
And, ages hence, will shine on our green resting-place.

THE STARS.

II.

Unchanging as the stars appear to an ordinary observer, it is found, on more minute examination, that some of them are variable in their colour and in the intensity of their light: one here and there, hitherto unseen, starts into sight; another, as instantaneously, is quenched. Systems of binary and multiple stars are detected by powerful glasses, revolving round one another. (10)

Across a gulf how fathomless, they glow!
 The sparkling beam that fills our eye to-day
 Has thrilled, ten thousand years, its lightning way,
 Through spaces unimagined, in its flow.
 In some, keen light and dimness come and go,
 Now, as in shade, and now, unveiled their ray,
 Deep cause of either can the wisest say?
 Some reign for ages, on a sudden, lo!
 Their place a blank, their light for ever quenched.
 In orbits moving, double stars are seen,
 Azure with orange, crimson mates with green.
 Some colour change; their ruddy beam is blenched.
 Long deemed unmoving, stars are fixed no more,
 Destruction dogging change along heaven's shining floor.

(10) See *Cosmos*, vol. iii. chap. 4. (Bohn's Ed.) Herschel's *Outlines*, chap. 16.

THE STARS.

III.

In bounteous order, through heaven's vault disposed,
Along their course they nightly set and rise,
Trembling on high, like lamps of Paradise.
Bright eyes on earth, in darkness long since closed,
On their unfading beauty oft reposed ;
While solace to the lonely Fate denies,
Their silent host glad company supplies ;
Through weary nights, the doors of sleep unclosed,
The watcher hails them from his couch of pain,
Welcomes a friendly eye which never sleeps,
In realms where Patience never sighs in vain,
Where suns descend not in the gloom of night
But Joy sits throned upon her orb of light,
Beyond the dark, where Sorrow never weeps.

THE STARS.

IV.

They tell me I must deem those shining balls
Homes of a nobler race than dwelleth here ;
Beyond Sin's earthly taint, or Sorrow's tear,
On spirits pure a hallowed sunshine falls,
Where shadow steals not, nor enjoyment palls.
In me no wish that intellect appear
In each bright world beyond our circling year ;
At best, 'tis an unbidden voice that calls
For such a faith ; if true, 'twould scarce increase
The admiration and the joy profound,
Stirred in me as I watch them wheeling round,
The seat of Law and a well ordered Peace.
Stilled by their harmony, let every sound
Of stormy guess, and aimless wrangling cease.

THE SOUL.

Where dwells the soul, which from our presence hides
 Within the frame of a companion dear ?
Her image all we see, though she is near,
Reflected darkly home ; her voice abides
A moment in its pulse, and sounding glides
 Back into silence, moving smile or tear,
 As the lone spirit wills. I muse in fear,
Myself unseen, how fine a veil divides
Her essence from my being ; could I dare
 Its folds to draw aside, and look within ?—
If o'er her image flows such power to win,
From her veiled beauty, how surpassing fair
Her glorious nature, when we meet above,
And vision " eye to eye " shall crown our mutual love.

RELIGION.

Within the circle of her Father's home
Religion sits apart ; her forehead pale,
Her raven hair confined by snowy veil ;
Beyond the gate she never seeks to roam ;
Clear visions of the future daily come
Whence Truth and heavenly beauty never fail ;
At some a feebler soul than hers might quail ;
Perchance she weeps ; she calmly smiles at some ;
Hers is a stayed and undivided heart,
Her Sum of Wisdom long since closed and sealed.
Not her's the wish, nor her's the shallow art,
To dream each year of something new revealed ;
Her dark eye fixed on Heaven, until the time
When Faith expires in sight, she counts the fleeting chime.

SCIENCE.

Her fair young sister, Science, comes this way,
Keen scrutiny within her eye of blue,
Her dimpled cheek, her locks of golden hue,
Her smile reflect the joy of opening day ;
Around her step the early breezes play ;
Her daily search is still for treasures new,
Wonders of earth and heaven she fain would view ;
In Nature's secret force, in solar ray,
In distant star, in depths of sea and land,
In all, she gleans ; in all, her daily fate
To meet new things she fails to understand ;
Laying the treasures of her little store
At her pale sister's feet, content to wait,
Till shines the coming Morn, she asks no more.

BUTLER.

Religion and Science converge in the immortal work of Bishop Butler, on "The Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature;" perhaps the most philosophical treatise in the English language. Any one who has visited his tomb in Bristol Cathedral will recognise, in the last line of the sonnet, the debt of its author to Southey's beautiful epitaph.

Where in illimitable distance fade
 Objects of sense, thy wisdom onward draws
 Our steps; where boldest hearts must pause
 On verge of things in dark recesses laid;
 Through Nature wide thy spirit undismayed
 Has traced in all, the bond of mutual laws,
 Uniting all in one eternal Cause,
 To Revelation, Reason offering aid.
 Such is the sum of your great argument,
 Immortal BUTLER! surely not in vain
 Your genial wisdom, eye profound, intent
 Ere sight and touch of man at last must fail,
 To find in things to human senses plain
 Clear type and evidence of those within the veil.

P O E M S.

CLEVEDON.

“Thy place of rest,
By that broad water of the West.”
In Memoriam.

Early in August, 1855, the Author, accompanied by a friend, went by train from Weston-super-Mare to Clevedon, on the Bristol Channel, for the purpose of visiting the tomb of A. H. H., the subject of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. The following verses are a sketch of their journey.

I.

In calm, that August evening closed,
Earth and broad sea in peace reposed ;
The dappled heaven was grey, above ;
The morning breeze, o'er crag and cove,
 Folded its wing. Anon,
Through level meadows, corn fields brown,
Past smiling homesteads, up and down,
 By train we thundered on.
At Clevedon pausing, learned our search
For the fair tomb within the church,

On foot must lead us, farther still,
 Up shady steep, round pastoral hill,
 And seaside villa gay ;
 And in and out, along the shore,
 That stretched some eighty feet or more,
 Beneath our giddy way.

II.

Hard by, a gentle slope descended ;
 There in a lonely valley ended,
 Behold our far-off quest ;
 Calm in the stillness of the hour,
 Before us lay the old grey tower ;
 There was his place of rest.
 We stepped among the rounded graves,
 That swell, as swell the crested waves
 Along the ocean plain ;
 Musing on treasures buried deep,
 Far down beneath each verdant heap ;
 Long quiet after pain.

III.

Doors closed and barred. O well-a-day,
 The sexton lived a mile away,

Where we had left the train ;
 Nor time, nor messenger to send,
 Ere back to Clevedon we must wend
 Our weary way in vain.

IV.

But see ! a window opening wide
 Into the transept's eastern side,
 The southern transept wall ;
 Within the building you may look,
 On oaken bench, and matted nook,
 And carved finial.
 His tablet, bright in dusk appears,
 His name, " the number of his years ;"
 The Poet's friend we know ;
 Mute witness to the noble worth,
 The hopes long buried in the earth
 With Him who sleeps below.
 Beneath his tablet, see ! a brother's,
 And here a sister's, there, his mother's,
 On either side disposed ;
 All that had warmed a father's hearth
 With graces of a rarer birth,
 In this lone vault enclosed.

v.

My friend had known him, proved his powers
Of thought and speech in genial hours ;
 And as we leave his tomb,
A thought recites, he clothed in song,
At her request, not very long
 Before his day of doom.
'Twas strange that thoughts which went and
 came,
All-swiftly as the lightning flame,
 Within his bounteous brain,
Should now above his dust revive,
 Untouched in freshness, and alive
 In beauty yet remain.
Not dead the promise of that spring,
Though fruit on earth no harvests bring ;
 If linked to spirit pure,
It blossoms now, where all is fair,
Its fruit eternal harvests bear,
 Where flower and fruit endure.

THE EVENING GLEAM.

“At evening-time there shall be light.”—*Zach.* xiv. 7.

I.

Without a dimming cloud the autumn sun
In ruddy skies all-gloriously uprose ;
The gale, which through the night had far outrun
The swiftest steed, had sunk into repose
Among the russet woods ; reviving Earth
Hailed in the morn a brighter day's new birth.

II.

But scarce the growing hours had reached their noon,
When vanished all their early hope away ;
Up from the south, clouds slowly drifting, soon
Thick, drenching rains obscured the waning day ;
Dense rolling mists descended on the hills,
Waking the sound of all their hundred rills.

III.

And thus the later day in rain and gloom

Wore heavily ; the traveller's soul was sad
To lose the light of autumn skies, the bloom
Of joyous flowers, and Nature's voices glad.
But ere the sun dips down beyond the range
Of distant hills, behold, a wondrous change.

IV.

The leaden folds that veiled him from our sight
Are riven, and show him in the glowing west,
Floating in molten gold ; the coming night
Hails it, a token of her welcome rest ;
Along the mountain-range the gleam has passed,
And on the woods a fleeting brightness cast.

V.

Spanning wide heaven, a double rainbow-arch
Stretches afar ; its burning colours fade,
Then brighten, ever to the rapid march
Of flying rain-clouds, over yonder glade,
Kindling the light of hope for coming morn,
Even in the heart dejected and forlorn.

VI.

Thus on his couch the sick man long has lain ;
Wakeful his nights, his weary days creep on
In hopeless contest with devouring pain ;
When will the day, when will the night be gone ?
The closing hours that herald his release
From Life's long pain, are calm and full of peace.

VII.

Thus, too, I watched the eclipse of glorious mind,
Fall sudden on a finer brain o'erwrought,
Casting an aimless apathy and blind
Confusion on the beauteous home of thought.
Brief gleam of reason, ere the parting breath,
Too late revived, "a lightning before death."

VIII.

Hence for thee comfort, O thou toilworn soul ;
Though 'neath a leaden sky thy life is past,
If o'er thee blinding mists of trouble roll,
The Evening Gleam will chase them all at last ;
Calm in thy lot, wait till the clouds are riven,
Revealing foretaste glimpse of opening heaven.

A PORTRAIT.

I sought a Portrait of my aged friend
Where peace and twilight shade together blend ;
Sweetness and force, clear light and holy calm ;
Religion, born of Faith, distilling balm
Into a heart where pain has set his seal
On wounds no human aid could ever heal.
Sweet Resignation sits in queenly state,
And by her, Courage, that can pray and wait ;
Her brightest hopes entwined with what is gone ;
Detached from what is here, though not alone,
She sits among us still, from day to day,
Waiting the call that summons her away.

Beyond a wooded dell the sun has set
In autumn season ; green the leaves, and yet
Not like the green of spring. How still the air ;
No faintest breath of wind is stirring there.
Against the sky the feathery tree-tops stand
Afar in dark relief, on either hand ;

Orange and purple sky, and palest green.
A golden light, where late the sun was seen,
Through a fine net of leaves and branches flows.
Fainter and fainter still the outline grows,
Deeper the tints ; a line of cloud serene
Is drawn on high, across the sylvan scene.
In yonder Hermitage, above the dell,
Tinkles the Ave from its silver bell.
Strewn on our way the wreck of storms now past,
But every pulse has found repose at last.
We wait, expecting something yet to come ;—
It is to-morrow's dawn, to light us home.

TO M. D. L.

Summer airs are blowing
O'er a Dorset down,
Summer lights are glowing
On the hay new-mown.
Tiny clouds are fleeting
Far along the lea,
Light and shade are meeting
On the chequered sea.
Sunlight smile is chasing
Fast a flying shade,
Up yon hill-side racing
Till the shadows fade.
On the village tower,
In the village trees,
At the sunset hour,
Dies the summer breeze.

Thus, my friend, your spirit,
Clothed in feeble frame,

And the noble merit
Of your honoured name,
Stand in thought before me,
'Neath the waving trees,
Pass in memory o'er me
In the whispering breeze ;
Crossed by flying shadow
Of brief, pensive thought,
Brightening o'er the meadow,
In each sunny spot.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

I.

Fresh lights of morning glance and quiver
Upon the bosom of a river,
 Slow winding down the vale ;
From every spray a voice of singing,
And o'er the early corn, just springing,
 Light clouds of April sail.

II.

Each hour awakes a new delight,
A thousand orchards blossom white,
 Their perfume scents the air ;
O'er heathery moor the lark is winging
Aloft, her piercing carol flinging
 Down in the face of Care.

III.

And on the surface of the stream
Where rippling wavelets dance and gleam,
 All leafy shadows play ;

Dappling its foliage-skirted edge,
 By bulrush tall, and whispering sedge,
 Far on its winding way.

IV.

Swift o'er the stones the rapids dash
 Headlong ; a million bubbles flash
 Eddying and breaking near.
 Till round a grassy meadow bending,
 The noble stream, its tumult ending,
 Is staid in its career.

V.

The shallow rapids, headlong rushing,
 Are heard no more, all murmur hushing,
 Deep in this glassy pool ;
 Here every sound of motion dies
 Within its azure depths ; it lies
 So tranquil and so full.

VI.

Faint picture of your radiant brightness,
 Your buoyant soul, its airy lightness
 In sweetest converse seen ;
 Faint image of the well of Feeling
 Its tranquil depths in you revealing,
 O rarest * * *

ABSENCE.

Not all material are the laws which bind
Atom to atom by cohesive force ;
Mind owns the attraction of congenial mind,
Strong as the bond which regulates the course
Of planet round its sun, in path defined
Unerringly, the everlasting source
Of all stability ; or as the laws
By which a stone Earth to her bosom draws.

Nor all material is the secret tie
Held by the magnet o'er its kindred steel ;
Nor those electric impulses which fly
Swifter than Light, far thrilling, to reveal
Thoughts born that instant 'neath another sky ;
Subtle and piercing, round the world they steal,
Keen as the summer lightning in its play ;
The trembling needles instantly obey.

A subtler force unites me to my friend,
 Stronger, not feebler, as the distance grows;
 Welcomed beforehand is the coming end
 Of each long term of absence as it flows.
 Across the gulf that severs us, we send
 Cries for the gain which only union knows;
 We meet, converse awhile, and then, apart
 Bear the dull want of a divided heart.

And is he dead, or absent? Memories wake
 Of all he was, alive, or dwelling here;
 The past we fondly cherish for his sake;
 We thought, while present, that we held him dear,
 But intervening spaces only make
 Him tenfold dearer than we thought him, near;
 A look, a picture, a remembered tone
 Recals him as he once was all our own.

We task our thought to frame devices new
 By which our poor Affection tries to cheat
 Absence of half its pain; to hold in view
 Her darling idol, till again they meet.
 Unchanging, to their old attraction true,
 The heart's electric pulses ever beat,
 Across the roaring seas, the boundless land,
 Seeking the welcome of a distant hand.

To yonder cloud we turn a friendly eye,
 Sailing in space to our affection's goal ;
 Its snowy masses as they wander by,
 His eye will soon behold. Roll, onward roll,
 And from your airy seat, before you die,
 Bear him a message from a kindred soul ;
 Then drop in genial showers beside his home,
 Where we, too, if we might, were fain to come.

Within the circuit of familiar hills
 Bounding the peasant's world, its noble breast
 A mountain raises ; of its many rills
 One brawls beside this cot, in loud unrest,
 And one a stony channel, eddying, fills
 In yonder vale, beside that cottage, drest
 In flowers ; the sister waters, as they glide,
 Visit two sister hearts, where flows their mutual tide.

Throned on your ample sphere, O kingly sun,
 An eye, we cannot see, your face admires,
 Even now, as we admire, our cherished one
 Sees in the glow of your undying fires
 A link among a hundred ages run,
 A link with our poor love which never tires ;
 For us, salute him from your seat above,
 Back to his heart reflect our look of love.

And you, O tender moon, O purest star,
 We hail you, through the silent hour of night,
 Where reigning on your blissful seat, you are
 A Presence to the absent, a delight
 Shared by ten million eyes ; by his, afar,
 Who travels back to us along your light ;
 Beyond the weary land, the boundless billow
 Shower dreams of home upon his lonely pillow.

Thus mourns our poor Affection, in her plaint,
 At dear remembrance of a vanished joy,
 Seeking the absent, sad at heart, and faint.
 Even ere her hand dark funeral rites employ,
 While yet the leaf is green, she fears the taint
 Of change and death, the bitterest alloy
 Of purest gain, where all must perish, sought ;
 Soon gone, soon ended ; gain how dearly bought.

The mother compassed by her laughing flock,
 Muses alone on changes that will be ;
 On coming accident, or on the shock
 Of hostile armies, struggling knee to knee,
 And she far distant ; where disease will mock
 All skill ; on anguish she will never see ;
 On dying agonies, when pain and fear
 Oppress her child, and she will not be near.

O poor Affection ! See, she fainting turns
 To watch the beating of His mighty Heart
 Which, shrined within a million temples, yearns
 In our affection to possess a part ;
 For union with each little heart it burns ;
 Here is sole comfort, only healing art ;
 A warmth among the embers of the past,
 Through chance and change, a Presence that will last.

The central Sun, towards which creation moves,
 Ruling vast Nature by eternal laws
 Which instinct of the untutored heart approves ;
 Of light, and warmth, and beauty the first Cause ;
 All sense of past and gone, Himself removes ;
 Tender and great ; endearing, while he awes ;
 Our loved, our lost and absent gather round,
 To us, to Him, in deathless union bound.

Lo ! here the Magnet of Creation hides ;
 All distance towards it evermore aspires ;
 Sweetest attraction in its force abides,
 Such as, below, our scattered love requires.
 Dearest communion, on its thrilling tides,
 And subtler far than pulse of earthly wires,
 Vibrates, to-day, uniting what has been
 With all that is ; all here, with the unseen.

Then Patience, yet a little while, again,
Hearts once divided grow for ever one ;
Old tears, old partings turned to endless gain,
Affection's life-long trials past and done ;
The stings forgotten of Love's ancient pain,
In Love's new term of higher life begun.
Absence has found at last its long-sought close,
And Union gathers all in one repose.

TO G. P.

Long time had flowed the dull and stifling air
 Scirocco named, across the Italian plain,
 A subtle poison breathing o'er the main,
From burning sands of Libya's desert bare;
All Nature, panting 'neath its medium rare,
 Welcomes with joy the bracing Tramontane,
 Wafted from snowy Apennine, again
Unveiling golden skies and landscapes fair.
I hail, my friend, your vigorous mind, intent
 On active works of good; with clearest sense
Chasing afar all sickly sentiment
 Before your cheerful strength, your joy intense;
But tempered by the summer warmth that glows
In your clear eye, whence genial kindness flows.

AN ANNIVERSARY.

I.

Again the wintry sun brings round the day
 Held sacred to the memory of her
 Who gave me life ; its cold and level ray
 Falls sadly on me, through the busy stir
 And hum around ; I travel far away
 To times of old, to cherished scenes which were
 A part of home, long severed from my view ;
 How much of old in life is dearer than the new !

II.

Among the ghosts of things long dead and cold,
 I climb the stair to her familiar room ;
 On tiptoe steal, a child of six years old,
 To kiss her hand, reached to me through the gloom
 Which awes my little heart with fear untold ;
 It seems to me the portal of the tomb.
 In life's fair morn, whate'er belongs to death
 Appals the boy's young heart, and holds his breath.

III.

Of years prolonged a transient hope revives,
 In calmer mood her quivering pulses flow.
 That transient hope, alas ! no more survives ;
 Hour after hour the end approaches slow ;
 All night, without a murmur, nature strives
 Against the stroke of doom that lays her low ;
 With early morn, the wearied pulses cease ;
 A gentle sigh she breathes, and all is peace.

IV.

Again, with trembling steps, her room I seek ;
 'Tis dark no more ; but sadder in its light ;
 Changes, within, the reign of Death bespeak,
 Window and couch and mirror clothed in white.
 Like marble image, cold and pure her cheek,
 Hushed in an awful stillness ; strangest sight
 To me ; the stream is frozen in its course,
 Of my young life the still-beloved source.

v.

All veiled now, the charm, the winning grace
 Of genial manners, cordial smile, which long
 Drew hearts around her ; in her beauteous face
 No radiance now ; hushed is the voice of song

Which held all captive ; through its vacant place
 Dull echoes of our sorrow pass along ;
 Her youthful life, its joy, its pain are o'er,
 Its smile, or shade, returning never more.

VI.

Now to St Michael's church the mourners bear
 Her dust ; a train of Poor would see the end
 Of one who blest them with an angel's care ;
 Weeping, they watch the funeral of their friend,
 Old men and little children gathered there.
 In speechless sorrow o'er her tomb we bend ;
 Farewell, farewell, till all the years are run ;
 Farewell, farewell, till our own course is done.

VII.

Ah me ; in bitterness my visions fade ;
 The home her daily goodness sanctified
 Is now another's ; chambers where I played
 Are quite effaced ; the room wherein she died
 Can scarce be recognised ; the trees whose shade
 She loved, their fate, alas ! to hers allied,
 Are fallen ; but they with age's reverend crown ;
 She, all too early, in green youth cut down.

VIII.

No ; not too early ; even in homes obscure
Remembered still for many a holy deed ;
Old memories of her goodness yet endure
Among the lowly ones she used to feed,
Within the humble cottage of the poor
Her bounty oft assisted in their need ;
To-day, their flowing eyes, their grateful speech
Across the gulf of thirty years with fondness reach.

IX.

With love divine her spirit seemed on fire,
With God she walked along the vale of tears ;
From growing height, still aiming at a higher ;
A spirit born for joy, her only fears
To lose His company ; her dear desire
For union with Him through eternal years.
Though early called, she had not lived in vain,
To whom " to live was Christ, to die was gain."

AN OLD LETTER.

I.

It seems as though but yesterday
Thy living hand had traced these lines,
I cannot deem thee far away,
While gazing on these speaking signs.

II.

Thy phrase familiar, well known form
Of letters fair I recognise ;
With Friendship's bland expression, warm,
Thyself beside me seems to rise.

III.

Beneath thy hand this page has grown,
Line after line, thought flowing free ;
A tender spirit, all thine own,
Suggesting kindly thoughts of me.

IV.

Thine eye of hazel rested here,
Once rested, with its dawning smile,
Each gentle fancy imaged clear
Down in its sunny depths the while.

V.

And at the close, thy dearest name,
“Ever affectionately yours,”
Mid thousand changes, still the same,
Pledge of a love which long endures.

VI.

Here paused thy swiftly flowing pen,
Never again to flow for me ;
Our glad communion ended then,
In this thy latest gift to me.

VII.

Alas ! our living love may change,
A brother's heart may turn to stone ;
To newer objects love may range ;
Repelled, may eat its heart alone.

VIII.

But thy dear love is here embalmed
 Unchangeably, and ever mine,
All fear of loss for ever calmed,
 As though my hand were clasped in thine.

IX.

Dear sister-soul, in boyhood given,
 To lead me to the good and fair,
From thy bright dwelling, up in heaven,
 Watch o'er me till I meet thee there.

X.

And, if it may be, deign to send
 A friendly message by the way ;
Rise on my spirit at the end,
 The herald of a nobler day.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

I.

'Twas on the eve of danger, when a noble hearted youth,
 With all a youth's fresh sympathy, with innocence and
 truth,
 Showed kindness to a little maid who scarce was five
 years old ;
 And she, won by his courtesy and by his bearing bold,
 Thought gratefully of all his acts when he was gone away ;
 What could she do to thank him then, but daily for him
 pray ?

II.

His country called her sons to arms, and forth he goes to
 fight,
 On distant shores of Chersonese for England and for right ;
 A thousand British heroes there, with lion courage yield
 Their life within the restless trench and on the bloody field ;
 'Gainst secret shot and iron hail, his precious life is charmed,
 Through storms of death, o'er hidden mine, he marches
 on unharmed.

III.

O say not that the feeble prayer of that fond little one
Was all too weak and far away to turn the flashing gun ;
For He who rules our every breath disposes all things there
For life or death for each brave heart, and He is reached
by prayer ;
And has He not his promise given that He will ne'er forget
Kind act done to His little ones, and He will pay the debt ?

IV.

Then forward ! youthful soldier, with firm, unshaken eye,
Where glory waits, where duty calls, prepared to do or die ;
A thousand blessings follow you ; take courage in the hour
When grape and shell mow down in ranks our army's
choicest flower ;
The thought will steel your manly heart, will nerve your
gallant arm,
Two little hands this morn were raised to keep you safe
from harm.

A DREAM.

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream."

I.

In a foreign city dwelling,
While I lie in balmy sleep,
Springs of thought within me welling,
Inner senses vigil keep.

II.

Travelling through an English valley
Till the night is on the wane,
By the limes' o'er-arching alley
Entering now an ancient fane.

III.

Moonlight shadows, slowly creeping
Noiselessly on floor of stone,
Lead me where my friend is weeping
Shrouded in the gloom alone.

IV.

Two fair babes of his are lying
In the hollow vault beneath ;

There was comfort in their dying
 Crowned with infancy's pure wreath.

v.

Now we talk of them as living
 Far beyond our darkling night ;
 His sad heart awhile misgiving ;—
 Have they reached the Godhead's sight?

vi.

Vaulted aisle, asunder rending,
 Shows a wintry sky o'erhead ;
 Two bright crowns of stars descending,
 Hover o'er the kneeling dead.

vii.

Straight, our soothed senses thrilling,
 Comes a voice of silver tone,
 Both our hearts with sweetness filling,
 Steals through aisle and chancel lone :

viii.

“ Not so ends their plaintive story,
 Leaving them in dreamy rest ;
 Your dear infants are in glory,
 Throned on their Saviour's breast.”

31 JY 56

501

ERRATUM.

The Reader is requested to correct the following *Erratum* with a pen.

Page 22 ; 4th line of Sonnet ;—for *them* read *thine*.

LATELY PUBLISHED.

Is Physical Science the Handmaid, or the Enemy of the Christian Revelation? By the Rev. James A. Stothert, Crown 8vo, 1s.

"A sober, argumentative, ingenious, and beautifully written essay.—For sobriety of tone, this essay may be recommended as a model for writers on religious controversy." *Scotsman*.

"The science adduced in this little treatise, being generally borrowed from the best sources, is in most cases good. Carpenter, Herschel, Airy, Hirsch, Brande, and Mrs Somerville are all cited as authorities; and the curious facts which they are thus made to contribute to the work, impart to it no small share of the interest which it possesses."—*Witness*.

"A very clever tract, written with great command of language, with a spirituality of feeling that is rare in works of scientific thought, with much acquired knowledge of the subject, and with considerable dexterity of argument.—Quite apart from the precise object in view, the work is full of interest in itself, as a scientific exposition."—*Edinburgh Guardian*.

"To say that the author's views are enforced in emphatic and eloquent language, will convey nothing of his meaning, or of the value of his pages, beyond the indication to those whose tastes lead them this way, that here they will find a clear and impassioned elucidation of their subject."—*Practical Mechanics' Journal*.

"This beautiful and unanswerable essay analogically proves that the marvellous height to which science has attained, and is daily attaining, is directly ancillary to the promotion of the only true faith, as taught by the Catholic Church."—*Literary Notices, Appendix to Brownson's Review*.

"We cordially recommend Mr Stothert's essay to every thoughtful person, as a masterly performance, with the rare fault of being only too short."—*Rambler*.

"Nearly every scientific mine has been explored, and the store of gems collected is inlaid in a judicious posy of argument and reflections.—These 76 pages might have been advantageously diluted into a couple of average volumes."—*Catholic Institute Magazine*.

"An able and well-reasoned pamphlet."—*Weekly Register*.

Issue in small 8vo, cloth, 6s.

The Christian Antiquities of Edinburgh. In a series of Lectures on the Parochial, Collegiate, and Religious Antiquities of Edinburgh. By the Rev. James A. Stothert.

"Mr Stothert's very interesting Lectures, unlike most books on Antiquarian subjects, are full of information acceptable to the general and religious reader. They show what Edinburgh *was*, in a way that makes the heart mourn to think of what it *is*. Yet Edinburgh was but one of many and many a city of like kind in former days."—*Rambler*.

"The lament of a pious and feeling mind for the past and ruined glories of Catholicism; the eloquent narrative of the lives and doings of those great men of old, who founded those religious houses, which were the pride and glory of Edinburgh before the ruthless hand of the destroyer shattered those glorious fauces, or an apostate monarch swelled forth his diatribes against the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Faith. From this little work, which is of sterling excellence, we glean much and valuable information concerning the monastic rule of the religious houses of Edinburgh in the olden time."—*Dolman's Magazine*.

"The Author deserves the warmest praise in giving to the press these simple, but impressive records of the Ages of Faith, in the land whence that Faith was once most ruthlessly banished, but in which it is manifesting the most remarkable of revivals."—*Tablet*.

MARSH & BEATTIE, 13 S. HANOVER STREET, EDINBURGH.

